

Grace Brown to Chester Gillette

Woman's Simple Documents That Made
a Criminal Case Famous and Virtually
Sealed the Fate of a Murderer
When Read to the Jury
That Tried Him for
His Life.

Herkimer, N. Y.—Printed below are letters which, within the past few weeks, have become known almost from one end of the country to the other as "Grace Brown's letters." They need no introduction, save perhaps the statement that these are the letters which were read at the trial of Chester Gillette.

They formed the most remarkable feature of that case. The whole structure of the prosecuting attorney was built upon them. It passes understanding why the murderer of the girl should have preserved a series of documents which, it is safe to say, spelled his doom from the moment they were placed in the hands of a jury of 12 men. It is inconceivable that Gillette kept them for their pathos, or the gentleness of character which they revealed, for he is not the kind of a man to whom such things appeal. It is utterly improbable that he ever recognized in them a simple literary beauty, although such they do possess in an unusual degree—the more unusual when it is remembered that Grace Brown was a country girl of plain education, who had worked as a factory hand.

Yet somehow Gillette kept them, and the American public has come into the possession of one of the most remarkable series of documents that ever appeared in a criminal case. As a revelation of character, as the written record of a tortured soul, they have already taken a place unique in the annals of real life tragedies.

Here are the letters:

"I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN"

"But Somehow I Have Trusted You
More Than Any One Else."

South Otsego, June 21st, 1906,
Wednesday Night—My Dear Chester:
I am just ready for bed and am so ill
I could not help writing to you.

Chester, I came home because I thought I could trust you. I don't think now I will be here after next Friday. This girl wrote me that you seemed to be having an awfully good time and she guessed that my coming home had done you good, as you had not seemed so cheerful in weeks. She also said that you spent most of your time with that detestable Grace Hill.

Now, Chester, she does not know I dislike Miss Hill and so did not write that because she knew it would make me feel badly, but just because she didn't think I should have known, Chester, that you did not trust me. But somehow I have trusted you more than anyone else. When ever the other girls have said hateful things to me of you I could not believe them. You told me—even promised me—you would have nothing to do with her while I was gone.

Perhaps, Chester, you don't think or you can't help making me grieve, but I wish things were different. You may say you do, too, but you can't possibly wish so more than I. I have been very brave since I came home, but to-night I am very discouraged. Chester, if I could only die, I know how you feel about this affair and I wish for your sake you need not be troubled. If I die I hope you can then be happy. I hope I can die. The doctor says I will, and then you can do just as you like. I am not the least bit offended with you, only I am a little blue to-night and I feel this way.

I miss you. Oh, dear, you don't know how much I miss you. Honestly, dear, I am coming back next week unless you can come for me right away. I am so lonesome I can't stand it. Week ago to-night we were together. Don't you remember how I cried, dear? I have cried like that nearly all the time since I left Cortland. I am awfully blue.

Now, dear, let me tell you. You will get this Monday some time. Now you please write me Monday night and be sure and post it Tuesday morning and then I will get it, or ought to, Wednesday morning. I just want to see what the trouble is why I don't hear from you. I was telling mamma yesterday how you wrote and I never got it, and she said: "Why, Billy, if he wrote you would have received it."

She did not mean anything, but I was mad, and said: "Mamma, Chester never lied to me, and I know he wrote." If you were only here, dear, how glad I would be.

Don't you think I am awfully brave? I am doing so much better than I thought I should. I think about you, dear, all the time and wonder what you are doing. I am so frightened, dear. Mamma has invited me down for next Tuesday, but I don't think I can go. Oh, say, if you post a letter to me Tuesday morning I will get it Tuesday night. Well, dear, they are calling me to dinner and I will stop. Please write or I will be

crazy. Be a good kid and God bless you. Lovingly,
P. S.—I am crying. THE KID.

"COME AND TAKE ME AWAY"

"There Isn't a Girl in the World as
Miserable as I Am To-night."

South Otsego, June 26th, 1906, Tuesday Night—My Dear Chester: I am writing to tell you that I am coming back to Cortland. I simply can't stay here any longer. Mamma worries and wonders why I cry so much, and I am just about sick. Please come and take me away some place, dear. I came up home this morning and I just can't help crying all the time, just as I did Saturday night.

I can't stay here, dear, and please don't ask me to any longer. Do you miss me much? I am so lonesome without you. I don't know how I am going to manage about going to Uncle Charles'. I presume I will have to write you to meet me in Cincinnati, now we don't know anyone there. Chester, there isn't a girl in the world as miserable as I am to-night, and you have made me feel so. Chester, I don't mean that, dear; you have always been awfully good to me, and I know you will always be. You just won't be a coward, I know. My brothers and sisters are at a social reception to-night, but they can't get over my crying.

I do wish you were here. I can't wait so long for letters, dear. You must write more often, please, and, dear, when you read my letters, if you think I am unreasonable, please do not mind it, but do think I am about crazy with grief and that I don't know just what to do. Please write to me, dear.

Lovingly, you know whom.
South Otsego, June 19, 1906.

"THERE ARE SO MANY NOOKS"

"I Have Been Bidding Good-bye
to Some Places To-day."

South Otsego, July 6, Thursday Night—My Dear Chester: If you take the 9:45 train from the Lehigh, there, you will get here about 11. I am sorry I could not go to Hamilton, dear, but papa and mamma did not want me to, and there are so many things I have had to work hard for in the last two weeks. They think I am just going out there to Derayter for a visit. Now, dear, when I get there I will go at once to the hotel, and I don't think I will see any of the people. If I do, and they ask me to come to the house, I will say something so they won't mistrust anything—tell them I have a friend coming from Cortland and that we were to meet there to go to a funeral or wedding in some town farther along. Awfully stupid, but we were invited to come, and so I had to cut my vacation a little short and go. Will that be O. K., dear?

You must come in the morning, for I have had to make you don't know how many new plans since your last letter, in order to meet you Monday. I dislike waiting until Monday, but now that I have to, I don't think it anything but fair that you should come up Monday morning. But, dear, you must see the necessity yourself of getting here and not making me wait. If you dislike the idea of coming Monday morning and can get a train up there Sunday night, you would come up Sunday night and be there to meet me. Perhaps that would be the best way. All I care is that I don't want to wait there all day or half a day. I think there is a train that leaves the Lehigh at six something Sunday night. I do not know what I would do if you were not to come. I am about crazy. I have been bidding good-bye to some places to-day. There are so many nooks, dear, and all of them so dear to me. I have lived here nearly all my life.

First I said good-bye to the spring house with its great masses of green moss; then the apple tree where we had our playhouse; then the "Beehive," a cute little house in the orchard, and, of course all the neighbors that have mended my dresses from a little top to save me a thrashing I really deserved.

"Oh, dear, you don't realize what all this means to me. I know I shall never see any of them again, and mamma, great Heaven, how I do love mamma! I don't know what I will do without her. She is never cross and she always helps me so much. Sometimes I think if I tell mamma—but I can't. She has trouble enough as it is, and I couldn't break her heart like that."

If I came back dead, perhaps, if she doesn't know, she won't be angry with me. I will never be happy again, dear

crazy. Be a good kid and God bless you. Lovingly,
P. S.—I am crying. THE KID.

"CAN'T YOU COME TO ME?"

"Chester, I Need You More Than
You Think I Do."

South Otsego, June 26, 1906, Monday Night—Dear Chester: I am much too tired to write a decent letter or even follow the line, but I have been uneasy all day, and I can't go to sleep because I am sorry I sent you such a hateful letter this morning, so I am going to write and ask your forgiveness, dear. I was cross and wrote things I ought not to have written. I am sorry, dear, and I shall never feel quite right about all this until you write and say you forgive me. I was flattered and did not realize what I was writing, and then this morning mamma gave my letters to papa before I was down. I should not have had it posted out it went long before I was awake. I am very tired to-night, dear. I have been helping mamma sew to-day. My sister is making me a new white Peter Pan suit, and I do get so tired having it fitted, and then there are other things fitted, and now it is ten times worse. Oh! Chester, you will never know how glad I shall be when this letter is all over. I am making myself if ever I do. Maybe there is no use to worry, but I do and I guess everyone does. I am quite brave to-night, and always feel better after I write you, Chester, so I hope you mind the hateful things I say and I hope you won't mind my writing so much. Where do you suppose we will be two weeks from to-night? I wish you would write and tell me, dear, all about your coming. I am awfully afraid I can't go to Hamilton, Chester.

Papa can't take me and I am nervous about going alone. You see I would have to ride quite a distance before I could take the train and then there is a long wait, and Chester, I am getting awfully sensitive. If I can't go up there what shall I do? Do you think it would be wise to come back there? Could you come to Derayter and meet me? I have relatives here, but perhaps I could arrange it somehow. I was pleased yesterday morning. You know I have a lot of bed quilts—six, I guess—and I was asking mamma where they were and saying I wished I had a dozen, when my little sister said: "Just you and someone else will not need so many." Of course my face got crimson and the rest of the family roared. Mamma is so nice about fixing my dresses; she has them all up now in nice shape. You remember the white dress I wore and you once asked me why I didn't have a new yoke. Well, she has almost made a new one. I guess it was pretty well told now. I don't want you to mind this letter, for I am blue to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about me. Your letter was nice, and I was glad to get it. I simply feel "out of sorts" to-night.

When you are cross, just think I am sick and can't help all this. If you were me, you couldn't help finding fault, I know. I don't dare think how glad I will be to see you. If you write me a letter like this I wouldn't write in a long time, but I know you won't tease me in that way. You will just forget it and be your own dear self. You know I always am cross in the beginning. It was that way Saturday night, so don't be angry, dear. Lovingly,
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"MY LITTLE SISTER CAME"

"I Told Her I Guessed My Fortune
Was Pretty Well Told Now."

South Otsego, June 26, 1906, Sunday Night—My Dear Chester: I was glad to hear from you and surprised as well. I thought you would rather have my letters affectionate, but yours was so businesslike that I have come to the conclusion that you wish mine to be that way. I may tell you, though, that I am not a business woman, and so presume that these letters will not satisfy you any more than the others did. I would not like to have you think I was not glad to hear from you, for I was very glad, but it was not the kind of letter I had hoped to get from you.

I think, pardon me, that I understand my position and that it is rather unnecessary for you to be so frightfully frank in showing it to me. I can see my position as keenly as anyone, I think. You say you were surprised, but you thought I would be discouraged. I don't see why I should be discouraged. What words have I had from you since I came home to encourage me?

You write as though I was the one to blame because the girls wouldn't come. I invited them here because I thought I wouldn't be so lonesome. I am sure I cannot help it because mamma is away. As to the financial difficulty, I am the one who will be most affected by that. You say "your trip." I understand how you feel about the affair. You consider me as something troublesome that you bothered with. You think if it wasn't for me you could do as you liked all summer and not be obliged to give up your position there. I know how you feel, but once in awhile you make me see these things a great deal more plainly than ever.

Chester, I don't suppose you will ever know how I regret being all this trouble to you. I know you hate me, and I can't blame you one bit. My whole life is ruined, and in a measure yours is, too. Of course, it's worse for me than for you, but the world and you, too, may think I am the one to blame, but somehow I can't, just simply can't think that I am, Chester. I said no so many times, dear. Of course, the world will not know that, but it's true all the same.

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I wish I could die. You will never know what you have made me suffer, dear. I miss you and want to see you, but I wish I could die. I am going to bed now, dear. Please come and don't make me wait there. If you had made plans for something Sunday, you must come Monday morning.

Please think, dear, that I had to give up a whole summer's pleasure and give you an evening for me. I shall expect and look for you Monday forenoon. Heaven bless you until then.

Lovingly and with kisses,
P. S.—Please come up Sunday night, dear.

"CAN'T YOU COME TO ME?"

"Chester, I Need You More Than
You Think I Do."

South Otsego, June 26, 1906, Monday Night—Dear Chester: I am much too tired to write a decent letter or even follow the line, but I have been uneasy all day, and I can't go to sleep because I am sorry I sent you such a hateful letter this morning, so I am going to write and ask your forgiveness, dear. I was cross and wrote things I ought not to have written. I am sorry, dear, and I shall never feel quite right about all this until you write and say you forgive me. I was flattered and did not realize what I was writing, and then this morning mamma gave my letters to papa before I was down. I should not have had it posted out it went long before I was awake. I am very tired to-night, dear. I have been helping mamma sew to-day. My sister is making me a new white Peter Pan suit, and I do get so tired having it fitted, and then there are other things fitted, and now it is ten times worse. Oh! Chester, you will never know how glad I shall be when this letter is all over. I am making myself if ever I do. Maybe there is no use to worry, but I do and I guess everyone does. I am quite brave to-night, and always feel better after I write you, Chester, so I hope you mind the hateful things I say and I hope you won't mind my writing so much. Where do you suppose we will be two weeks from to-night? I wish you would write and tell me, dear, all about your coming. I am awfully afraid I can't go to Hamilton, Chester.

Papa can't take me and I am nervous about going alone. You see I would have to ride quite a distance before I could take the train and then there is a long wait, and Chester, I am getting awfully sensitive. If I can't go up there what shall I do? Do you think it would be wise to come back there? Could you come to Derayter and meet me? I have relatives here, but perhaps I could arrange it somehow. I was pleased yesterday morning. You know I have a lot of bed quilts—six, I guess—and I was asking mamma where they were and saying I wished I had a dozen, when my little sister said: "Just you and someone else will not need so many." Of course my face got crimson and the rest of the family roared. Mamma is so nice about fixing my dresses; she has them all up now in nice shape. You remember the white dress I wore and you once asked me why I didn't have a new yoke. Well, she has almost made a new one. I guess it was pretty well told now. I don't want you to mind this letter, for I am blue to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about me. Your letter was nice, and I was glad to get it. I simply feel "out of sorts" to-night.

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should happen I would always regret it for your sake. You do not know papa as well as I do, and I would not like you to be disgraced here. We have both suffered enough and I would rather go away quietly. In a measure I will suffer the more, but I will not complain if you will not get cross and will come for me. I must close. Write me Wednesday night, dear, and tell me what you think about everything. Let's not leave all our plans until the last moment, and, above all, please write and say you forgive me for that letter I sent you this morning. I am sorry and if I were there I know you would say it would be all O. K.

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I think, pardon me, that I understand my position and that it is rather unnecessary for you to be so frightfully frank in showing it to me. I can see my position as keenly as anyone, I think. You say you were surprised, but you thought I would be discouraged. I don't see why I should be discouraged. What words have I had from you since I came home to encourage me?

You write as though I was the one to blame because the girls wouldn't come. I invited them here because I thought I wouldn't be so lonesome. I am sure I cannot help it because mamma is away. As to the financial difficulty, I am the one who will be most affected by that. You say "your trip." I understand how you feel about the affair. You consider me as something troublesome that you bothered with. You think if it wasn't for me you could do as you liked all summer and not be obliged to give up your position there. I know how you feel, but once in awhile you make me see these things a great deal more plainly than ever.

Chester, I don't suppose you will ever know how I regret being all this trouble to you. I know you hate me, and I can't blame you one bit. My whole life is ruined, and in a measure yours is, too. Of course, it's worse for me than for you, but the world and you, too, may think I am the one to blame, but somehow I can't, just simply can't think that I am, Chester. I said no so many times, dear. Of course, the world will not know that, but it's true all the same.

My little sister came up just a minute ago with her hands full of daisies and asked if I didn't want my fortune told. I told her I guessed it was pretty well told now. I don't want you to mind this letter, for I am blue to-night and get so mad when the girls write things about me. Your letter was nice, and I was glad to get it. I simply feel "out of sorts" to-night.

When you are cross, just think I am sick and can't help all this. If you were me, you couldn't help finding fault, I know. I don't dare think how glad I will be to see you. If you write me a letter like this I wouldn't write in a long time, but I know you won't tease me in that way. You will just forget it and be your own dear self. You know I always am cross in the beginning. It was that way Saturday night, so don't be angry, dear. Lovingly,
KID.

IN THE WORLD OF SPORTS

World's Champions Second in Fielding

American League Official Averages
Give Cleveland Lead There
as in Batting.

The world's champion White Sox finished second in club fielding, according to the American League averages issued by Secretary Robert H. McRoy. Cleveland led the league in fielding as well as in batting, with a mark of .966, while the White Sox were there with .964.

Jiggs Donohue is the real leader of the first basemen, although Sam Crawford, of Detroit, is the nominal leader. Jiggs fielded .988 in 154 games—a truly remarkable record—while Crawford got .993 for 22 games.

Shean of the Athletics is first among the second sackers, having fielded .989 in 32 games. Larry Lajoie of Cleveland is second, with .973 for 130 games. Frank Ibbell of the Sox finished in tenth place, with .949, with Gus Duntun fourteenth, with a mark of .921.

Lee Tannehill was fourth among the third basemen with .950 and George

try and were supposed to be able to defend their titles for many years to come.

On the point winners at Athens those who are now out are Myer Prinstein, winner of the broad jump; Jim Lightbody, winner of the 1,500-meter and second man in the 800-meter run; Hob Leavitt, winner of the hurdle race; Fay Moulton, second in the 10-meter dash; Hugo Fildes, second in the hurdles.